ATLAS
ADV. INTO TERROR
JAN.
ADVENTURES INTO
TERROR
NO. 27
10¢
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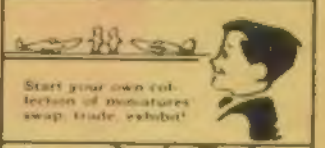

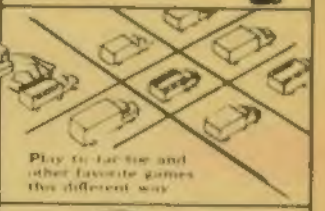

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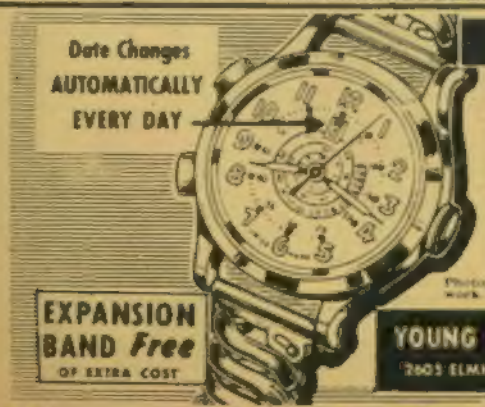

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GET SET FOR ANOTHER THRILLING, SPINE-CHILLING SESSION, KIDDIES! LET'S START OFF WITH THE PROFESSOR WHO IS MIGHTY SICK OF THIS DAY AND AGE, SO HE'S OFF TO SEE WHAT THE DISTANT *FUTURE* HAS TO OFFER! WHAT HE FINDS WILL STUN YOU!

THE MAN WHO RAN AWAY

PROFESSOR BARTON, DO YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU COME OUT, SIR? YOU HAVE A CALLER!
I HEAR YOU, MRS. MASON... AND STOP THAT *INFERNAL* POUNDING!
KNOCK KNOCK
AN ADVENTURE INTO TERROR!
C493

I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB YOU, SIR... BUT IT'S PROFESSOR CORY! HE PROMISED HE WOULD BE BRIEF!
HE BETTER BE! HAVE HIM WAIT... AND MAKE *CERTAIN* HE DOESN'T WANDER DOWN HERE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, PROFESSOR BARTON JOINED HIS VISITOR...

AH! THERE YOU ARE, OLD FRIEND! IT'S A JOY TO SEE YOU... A *GENUINE* PLEASURE!
I'M UNABLE TO SAY THE SAME, PROF. CORY! AS YOU KNOW I'M AN EXTREMELY BUSY MAN... SO IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, PLEASE COME TO THE POINT!

IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY, I SUPPOSE! THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF WHICH I AM A MEMBER, HAS AGAIN EXPRESSED HOPES YOU WOULD JOIN OUR GROUP! YOU'RE NEEDED, BARTON! A MAN OF YOUR BRILLIANCE, WORKING TOGETHER WITH OTHERS, COULD DO MUCH TO HELP MANKIND... AND LESSEN THE WORLD'S SUFFERING!
MANKIND... SUFFERING! NOTHING BUT CATCHWORDS!

MANKIND MEANS NOTHING TO ME! I DETEST THEIR IGNORANCE, THEIR COW-LIKE STUPIDITY! IF THEY SUFFER, I SAY, LET THEM MAKE THE BEST OF IT!
N-NO! YOU CAN'T MEAN IT!

I MEAN IT ALL RIGHT... EVERY WORD OF IT! NOW CONVEY MY MESSAGE TO THE FOOLS WHO SENT YOU! TELL THEM I REGARD THEIR OFFER WITH CONTEMPT! NOW GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

AND WHEN PROF. CORY LEFT...

IN A LITTLE WHILE I WILL BE RID OF THIS WORLD... ITS STUPIDITY AND ITS MISERY! SOON I SHALL BE IN MY PROPER SETTING! AT LONG LAST, MY SUPERIOR BRAIN WILL BE APPRECIATED AND GIVEN ITS PROPER DUE!

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D BE WANTING, PROFESSOR BARTON?
NOTHING ELSE, MRS. MASON! YOU MAY GO NOW, AND YOU NEEDN'T RETURN TILL MORNING! I WANT TO BE ENTIRELY ALONE!

SO THE HOURS PASSED AND LATE THAT SAME NIGHT PROF. BARTON VIEWED HIS STRANGE MACHINE WITH A TRIUMPHANT GRIN...

IT'S FINISHED AT LAST! ONLY A GENIUS SUCH AS MYSELF COULD PRODUCE A MACHINE LIKE THIS! A MACHINE THAT WILL TAKE ME INTO THE FUTURE AND SO ENABLE ME, FOR ALL TIME, TO ESCAPE FROM THIS INFANTILE WORLD!

WITHOUT FURTHER HESITATION, HE ENTERED THE MACHINE... QUICKLY HE SET THE CONTROLS IN MOTION.

THIS IS THE PROJECTION LEVER! EVERY INCH FORWARD REPRESENTS A COVERAGE OF 500 YEARS! I WILL MOVE IT TO ITS FURTHEST EXTREME.. A TIME DISTANCE THAT WILL LEAVE THIS WORLD THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEHIND!

AS THE LEVER SHOT FORWARD, A VIBRANT HUM MOUNTED SWIFTLY INTO A MENACING CRESCENDO, WHILE THE MAN AND HIS MACHINE TWISTED AND WRITHED IN THE PARALYZING GRIP OF ADVANCING TIME!

GOD YEARS...GOD...GOD, AND STILL THE LEVER WENT FORWARD... FORWARD!

AND THEN WITH A SPLINTERING, BLAZING SOUND...

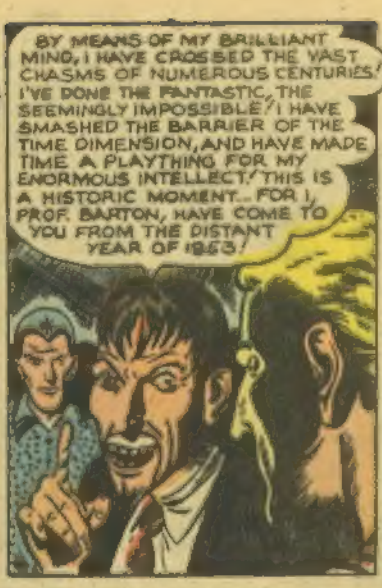
A WORLD OF EBONY DARKNESS FOLLOWED, AND AFTER INTERMINABLE, LEADEN MOMENTS, THE LIGHT RETURNED SLOWLY! PROF. BARTON'S EYELIDS FLICKERED AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED...

IT'S DAYLIGHT, AND I'M NOT IN MY LAB! THEN I MUST HAVE TRAVELED INTO TIME AND... GOOD HEAVENS! I DID IT...AND THE PROOF IS RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES!

WITH POUNDING HEART AND RACING STEPS, THE MAN FROM THE PAST ENTERED THE CITY OF THE FUTURE! A CROWD GATHERED, AND ALL EYES STARED WITH BULGING SURPRISE!

BE NOT SURPRISED AT MY STRANGE APPEARANCE! I'VE COME A LONG WAY AND AT A GREAT RISK...BUT I HAVE SUCCEEDED! THERE IS MUCH TO BE SAID AND I HAVE MANY QUESTIONS TO ASK, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST KNOW FIRST! WHAT YEAR IS THIS?

WHY, IT'S THE YEAR 4024! ANYONE WOULD KNOW THAT!
ANYONE OF YOU WOULD, BUT A RECENT ARRIVAL LIKE MYSELF WOULD HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING! AS I SAID BEFORE, I'VE COME A LONG WAY!


BY MEANS OF MY BRILLIANT MIND, I HAVE CROSSED THE VAST CHASMS OF NUMEROUS CENTURIES! I'VE DONE THE FANTASTIC, THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE! I HAVE SMASHED THE BARRIER OF THE TIME DIMENSION, AND HAVE MADE TIME A PLAYTHING FOR MY ENORMOUS INTELLECT! THIS IS A HISTORIC MOMENT... FOR I, PROF. BARTON, HAVE COME TO YOU FROM THE DISTANT YEAR OF 1963!

I'VE DONE ALL THIS BECAUSE I WAS DETERMINED TO ESCAPE FROM MY OWN TIME! THE WORLD I LIVED IN WAS STEEPED IN IGNORANCE, AND FAR BELOW MY MENTAL STATURE! AND SO I HAVE COME TO YOU, MY INTELLECTUAL EQUALS, AND PROMISE TO GIVE YOU ALL THE BENEFITS OF MY SUPERIOR MIND!

FOR A FEW MOMENTS A HEAVY SILENCE FELL OVER THE CROWD... THEN A YOUNG MAN STEPPED FORWARD!

YOUR STORY IS EXTREMELY STRANGE! WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I WOULD TAKE YOU TO OUR COUNCIL OF ELDERS! THEY ARE THE ONES YOU MUST SPEAK WITH!
SPLENDID! I WANT TO DEAL WITH THOSE WHO ARE IN THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY! WE CAN LEAVE AT ONCE!

AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE SWAGGERING BARTON WAS STANDING BEFORE THE BOARD OF ELDERS!

YOU HAVE TOLD US MANY THINGS OF YOUR JOURNEY THROUGH TIME AND YOUR SUPERIOR INTELLECT! NOW THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU... WITH YOUR PERMISSION, OF COURSE!
ANYTHING YOU WISH! I'LL COOPERATE FULLY!

MY FIRST QUESTION CONCERNS THE PLANET XENON! HOW MANY MILES DISTANT IS IT FROM OUR PLANET EARTH?
XENON? I--I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A PLANET!

AND SO THE LINE OF QUESTIONING CONTINUED, AND TO ALL THEIR QUESTIONS BARTON WAS UNABLE TO ANSWER!

YOU ARE ASKING ME IMPOSSIBLE THINGS! I TELL YOU I CAME FROM THE YEAR 1953.. IN A TIME MACHINE! I WAS FAR BEYOND THE OTHERS! THAT IS WHY I CAME HERE.. TO JOIN A GROUP OF INTELLECTUAL EQUALS!
INTELLECTUAL EQUALS? HARDLY, MY SICK FRIEND..

THE QUESTIONS WE ASKED YOU WERE EXTREMELY SIMPLE! A CHILD OF SIX WOULD HAVE KNOWN THE ANSWERS AND STILL YOU CALL YOURSELF A SUPERIOR INTELLECT?
I AM, I TELL YOU! MY WORLD RESPECTED ME!

YOUR WORLD IS THE REALM OF FANTASY! YOU DRESS YOURSELF IN AN ANCIENT COSTUME AND TELL US AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY! WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW YOU HAVE GONE UNDETECTED FOR SO LONG! BE THAT AS IT MAY, OUR USUAL POLICY WILL GO INTO EFFECT IMMEDIATELY!
POLICY... WHAT POLICY?

OUR POLICY AGAINST MISFITS! YOUR INABILITY TO ANSWER THE QUESTIONS PLACES YOU AS A MENTAL INFERIOR, AND AS SUCH YOU WILL BE WEEDED OUT! THAT IS THE LAW!
N-NO! YOU CAN'T!

POOR WRETCH! HOW THEY FIGHT IT!
AN EXTREME CASE OF PROJECTED FANTASY AND VIOLENT HALLUCINATION! THANK HEAVENS OUR METHODS ARE PAINLESS! THE POOR DEVIL WON'T FEEL A THING!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WEIRD STORIES LOOK FLR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

LOST WORLD

JEFF COLLINS, Africa's most famous explorer and big game hunter, looked directly at his visitor. "Professor Hendrickson," he said, "this sword is no fake. I have examined it very carefully. It actually is one that was used by the Crusaders. And the same goes for the metal mesh shirt. Now does that make you happy? You can go back to the States and tell your students that a group of Crusaders actually reached the heart of Africa."

Frank Hendrickson, head of the Archeology Department of Howard College, had travelled all the way to Kenya to meet the famous explorer and talk with him. He went over to the map that was on the wall of Collins' library and said:

"I have a theory that the descendants of those Crusaders are alive today. As you know, some of the Crusaders actually carved out domains for themselves in Syria. They built castles and ruled over an empire consisting of lords, vassals, and serfs. However Prince Bohemud quarreled with his brother Prince Henry. About the year 1230, Prince Bohemud and his followers, with their families and possessions left Syria. According to legends they marched to the Red Sea. There they bought boats and sailed into the Gulf of Arden and then southward until they reached the present port of Mombasa. From that place they marched on foot towards the present boundary between Kenya and Belgium Congo. Native tales tell about battles with mailed animals who walked on two feet. I am certain those so called animals were the Crusaders with their armor. Today the natives say that the descendants of these people live in the Valley of The Mist. Is it true? And the authorities at Nairobi told me you were the only man alive who had ever visited the Valley of The Mist and saw time turned back to a civilization that has vanished from the face of Europe. I would like to go to this place."

Jeff Collins knocked the ashes from his pipe and walked up to the map. "What you say is true. And I could take you to this place. If we ever reached it alive, I doubt that we would return. In two days I can have a Safari ready. The natives will go with us up to the Golina River. For they believe that Death lies on the other side. If you have enough courage, I'll take you there."

The middle aged, red-headed teacher looked at the tall, muscular brown-haired man who had spoken and merely replied, "The sooner we leave, the better. A man has but one life to lose, so fear can not stop me."

Two days later the Safari was on its way. For five solid weeks they marched through jungle until they reached the dreaded river. Then Jeff spoke to the professor. "We can cross this river because the clever natives have built concealed stepping paths of stones. We must carry our own supplies. That means a .45 colt with one hundred rounds of ammunition; a Belgium Magnum hunting rifle with two hundred rounds of ammunition; medical supplies; and concentrated foods. So we better get ready now before nightfall."

The two men crossed the river as the sun started on its downward path to the horizon. There was the dull beat of the drums sending a message.

"What do they say?" asked the professor.

"That two white men, brave, are going to the land of the mailed two feeted animals."

For another week the two men continued their trip on foot until they reached a huge mountain that seemed to go vertically up to the sky.

"Beyond it lies the Valley of The Mist," said Jeff. "And don't worry, we don't have to climb straight up. That's impossible. Follow me."

He walked a distance to a large tree. Then he measured one hundred paces until he

CONTINUED BEFORE LAST STORY

SO THE BIG BRAIN WASN'T SO BRAINY AFTER ALL! ARE YOU SCARED OF OLD, CREAKY HOUSES? SURE, WHO ISN'T? HERE'S A JOINT THAT'S JUST LOADED WITH ASSORTED SPOOKS... BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS GUY IS THE MOSTEST OF THE GHOSTEST!

THE SCREAMING MAN

A MAN STANDS IN BLACKNESS, IN THE CELLAR OF AN OLD HOUSE! HIS HEAD IS LIFTED, HIS EYES ARE MAD, AND FROM HIS STRAINING THROAT A SCREAM RIPS ANIMAL-LIKE... A SCREAM THAT ECHOES THROUGH HOLLOW SPACE AND PIERCES THE WALL OF TIME, TO YESTERDAY!

THE OLD HOUSE STOOD STARK AND WEATHERED ON THE FOGGY CRAG! IN THE WEAK SUNLIGHT IT LOOKED LIKE A BLEACHED SKULL THROWN THERE BY THE HAND OF DEATH...

AND IT WAS YESTERDAY THAT THEY CAME TO THE HOUSE, THE TWO FRIENDS, PHILLIP AND BARRY...

THIS IS JUST THE DWELLING WE NEED, PHILLIP!
I WISH YOU HAD CONSULTED ME BEFORE YOU RENTED THIS PLACE! IT LOOKS POSITIVELY SPOOKY!

WE'VE BEEN COLLABORATING ON THESE WEIRD STORIES FOR YEARS, AND WE'VE DONE PRETTY WELL! LATELY, OUR MARKET HAS FALLEN OFF! WHY? BECAUSE WE'RE GOING STALE!

WE NEED ATMOSPHERE! AND THIS OLD PLACE IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO GIVE THAT OLD KICK TO OUR STORIES! HELP ME UNPACK AND WE'LL SETTLE DOWN AND GET TO WORK!

PHILLIP WAS THE SENSITIVE ONE! PERHAPS THAT'S WHY HE FELT IT, THE STRANGE ANTAGONISM THAT SEEMED TO SEEP THROUGH THE FLOORS, AS THE SHADOW OF THE HOUSE FELL ON HIM! HE STOPPED AT THE THRESHOLD...

BARRY, LET'S NOT STAY! LET'S GO BACK TO THE APARTMENT, RIGHT NOW!
DON'T BE FOOLISH, PHILLIP! IT COST GOOD MONEY TO RENT THIS PLACE!
CREAK

I DON'T CARE! THIS HOUSE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! IT SEEMS TO HAVE AN EVIL ENTITY OF ITS OWN!
NONSENSE, MAN! YOU'RE BEGINNING TO BELIEVE YOUR OWN STORIES! COME ON, LET'S GET UNPACKED BEFORE DARK!

IT WAS YESTERDAY WHEN THEY UNPACKED IN THE OLD HOUSE, WHILE THE GLOOM OF EVENING STOLE ACROSS THE WATERS OUTSIDE...

IT'S GETTING DARK! I'LL LIGHT THE LAMP! I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE, BARRY! I...I'M REALLY FRIGHTENED!
IT'S JUST AN OLD HOUSE! NOTHING HERE CAN HURT YOU!

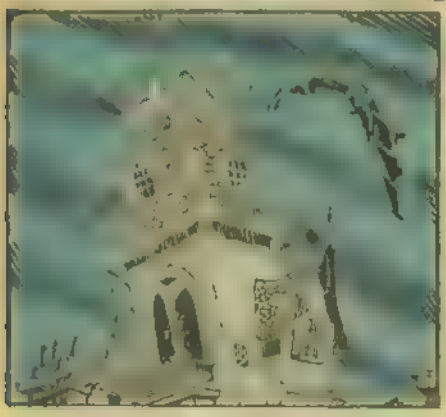
THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY, NOT THE DARK AGES, PHILLIP! A GOOD NIGHT'S REST IS WHAT YOU NEED! LET'S ROLL IN, SO WE CAN GET UP BRIGHT AND EARLY IN THE MORNING AND BEGIN WORK!
ALL RIGHT, BARRY! I SUPPOSE I AM ACTING LIKE A CHILD!

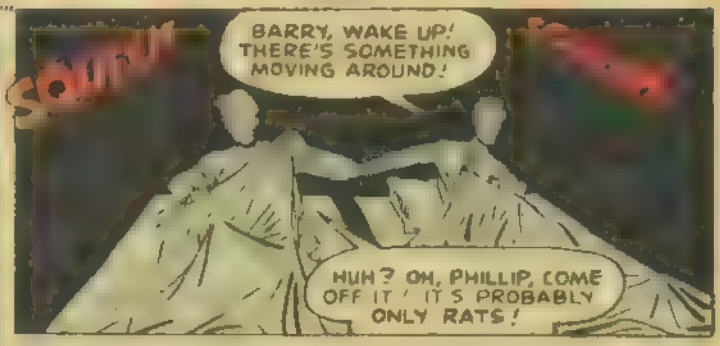
THEY ROLLED IN THEIR BLANKETS ON THE DUSTY FLOOR! THEY BLEW OUT THE LIGHT! SOON BARRY'S SNORE ROSE ABOVE THE RUSTLING AND CREAKING OF THE OLD HOUSE, BUT PHILLIP COULD NOT SLEEP...

BANG CREAK

HE LAY THAT WAY STIFF, STARING, SCARED UNNAMED FEAR CREEPING INTO HIM... UNTIL TWO IN THE MORNING...

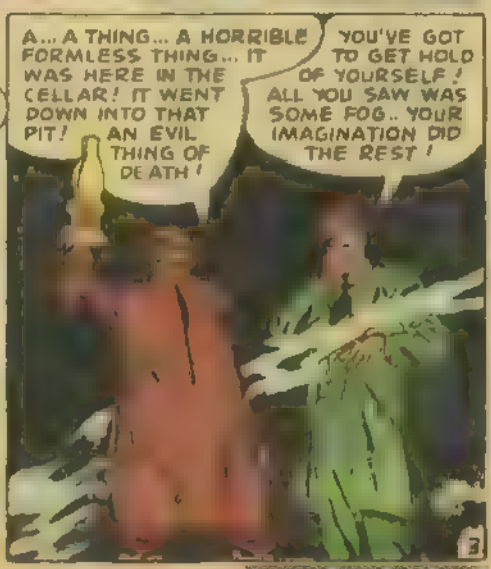
IT WAS THEN HE HEARD THE STRANGE NOISE AND WOKE BARRY

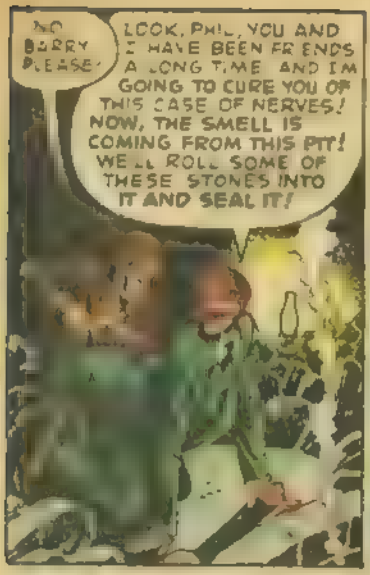




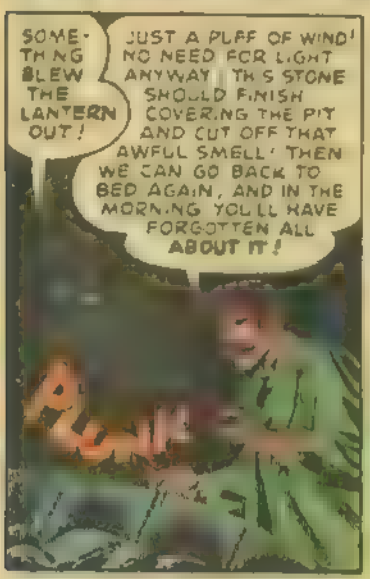
THEN THEY BOTH BECAME CONSCIOUS OF THE FOUL ODOR A FETID STENCH OF DECAYING FLESH AND BONE LIKE AN OLD GRAVE THAT HAD OPENED...

YOU STILL HARPING ON THAT? I TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING HERE THAT CAN HURT YOU! IT'S JUST A SMELLY OLD HOUSE! HERE'S WHERE THE SMELL IS COMING FROM!
PLEASE, BARRY I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN THERE! I JUST WANT TO LEAVE THIS EVIL PLACE!

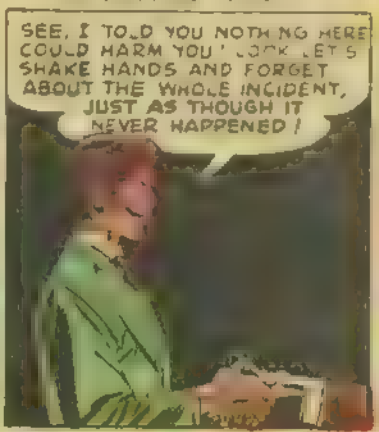

A... A THING... A HORRIBLE FORMLESS THING... IT WAS HERE IN THE CELLAR! IT WENT DOWN INTO THAT PIT! AN EVIL THING OF DEATH!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF! ALL YOU SAW WAS SOME FOG.. YOUR IMAGINATION DID THE REST!



THEY ROLLED THE STONES INTO THE PIT FROM WHICH CAME THE NAUSEATING ODOR. PHILIP SAID NO MORE, BUT HE WHIMPERED SOFTLY TO HIMSELF LIKE A LITTLE CHILD

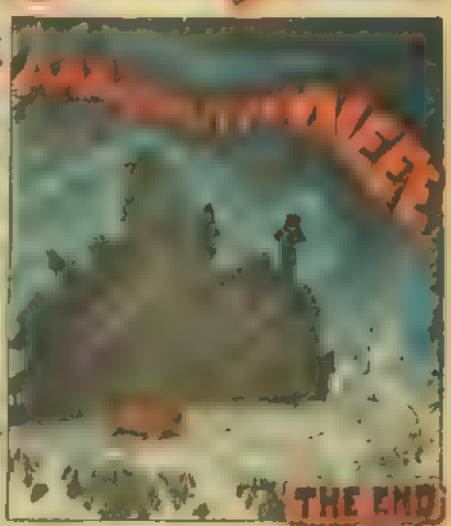


THE PIT WAS SEALED! BARRY TURNED TO HIS FRIEND IN THE DARK, FEELING A LITTLE EMBARRASSED BY PHILLIP'S FEARS! HE WANTED TO SHOW HOW HE FELT SO HE REACHED FOR PHILLIP'S HAND



AS HE STOOD THERE, FROZEN TO THE SPOT, THE SHADOW THAT WAS PHILLIP'S BODY COLLAPSED A FLESHLESS THING ON THE FLOOR!

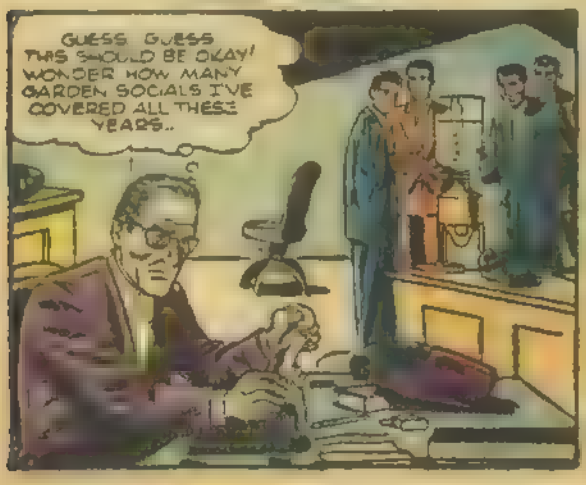
A MAN STANDS IN BLACKNESS IN THE CELLAR OF AN OLD HOUSE! HIS HEAD IS LIFTED, HIS EYES ARE MAD, AND FROM HIS STRAINING THROAT A SCREAM RISES. AN ANIMAL LIKE A SCREAM WITHOUT END!


AAAAA

THE BIG STORY!

YOU'RE WILL KARP A NEWSPAPERMAN WHO'S SPENT PRACTICALLY ALL HIS LIFE WITH THE WATERTOWN TIMES! YOUR LIFE *SHOULD* BE FILLED WITH A THOUSAND MEMORIES OF STORIES YOU'VE COVERED...EXCITING, DRAMATIC STORIES

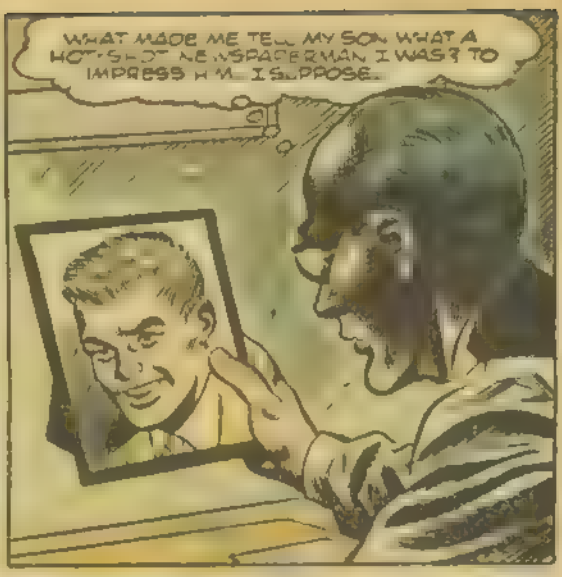
BUT YOU'RE STUCK WITH THE BITTER TRUTH THAT YOU STARTED OUT AS A CUB REPORTER A FLUNKY AND YOUR STATUS HAS NEVER GONE BEYOND THAT!



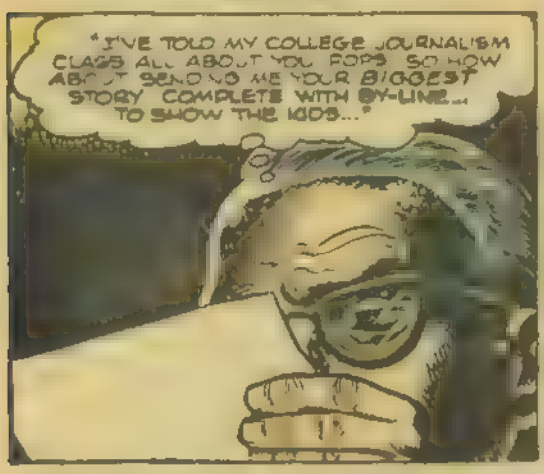
I HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT, CHIEF
DOESN'T MATTER MUCH WILLIE NOT VERY IMPORTANT' LESSEE GUESS YOU CAN WORK ON THE MARKET REPORTS OR.

YOUR HEART BEATS A LITTLE FASTER AS YOU WATCH THE EDITORS FACE GATHER THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CALL! SOMEWHERE A STORY'S BREAKING MAYBE THIS TIME.. YOU..
YEAH..THIS IS THE TIMES! UH HUH DOUBLE SUICIDE! YEAH RIGHT AWAY...THANKS!
COMMISSIONER MAURY SHOT A WAITRESS AT THE CAFE JOO. THEN BLEW HIS OWN STACK! MAC CHARLIE.. GET ON IT!
RIGHT AWAY, CHIEF!
ER.. MAYBE I CAN TAG ALONG
BETTER HOLD WILLIE THE TIGER ON LEASH, CHIEF HE'S TOO MUCH COMPETITION FOR MY FUTURE PULITZER PRIZE!
SCRAM YOU EGG-HEADS I'LL TAKE CARE OF WILLIE
NUTTY CHARACTERS BUT DARN CAPABLE OH, WILLIE TAKE YOUR LUNCH HOUR AND BRING ME BACK SOME JAVA OKAY?
SURE SURE, CHIEF..
IT HURTS...IT HURTS PLENTY...KNOWING YOU'RE A DISMAL FLOP...KNOWING YOUR LONG-AGO DREAMS OF BEING A FIRE-EATING NEWSHAWK WILL BE JUST THAT.. DREAMS!
ONE STORY.. ONE BIG STORY WITH MY BY-LINE NICE, BIG AND BLACK "BY WILL KARP"! I GOTTA HAVE IT!
LAUGHING STOCK OF THE OFFICE THE GUY WHO ALWAYS MISSES OUT ON THE BIG STORY WHAT IF MY SON KNEW THE TRUTH..
THAT THE CHIEF CONSIDERS ME A "NEWS JONAH"...UNABLE TO HANDLE ANY-THING BIGGER THAN AN OBITUARY WITHOUT FOULING THINGS UP!

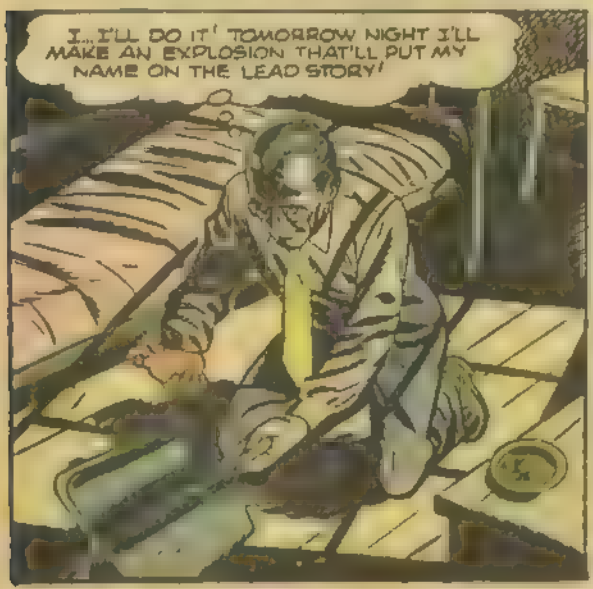
YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE. THIS "JONAH" BUSINESS' AND THAT NIGHT IN YOUR CHEAP BOARD ROOMHOUSE ROOM, YOU KEEP BROODING...



YOU LOVE YOUR KID..THOUGH YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE YOUR ESTRANGED WIFE TOOK HIM AWAY, SO LONG AGO! BUT THERE'RE MANY LETTERS BETWEEN FATHER AND SON ..AND NOW. *THIS* ONE..

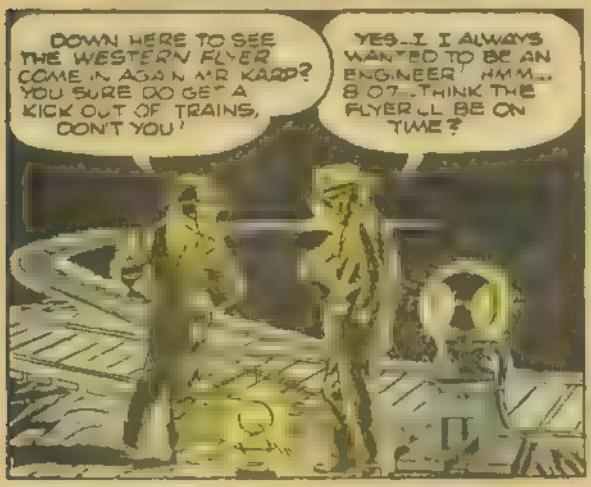

"I'VE TOLD MY COLLEGE JOURNALISM CLASS ALL ABOUT YOU, POPS SO HOW ABOUT SENDING ME YOUR *BIGGEST* STORY COMPLETE WITH BY-LINE... TO SHOW THE KIDS..."

COMPLETE WITH *BY-LINE BIGGEST* STORY! YOU HAVE NEVER HAD EITHER BUT SOMEHOW YOU'VE GOT TO!



YOU'VE PLANNED THIS FOR QUITE A WHILE... GATHERED YOUR MATERIALS...CASED A CERTAIN SPUR OF RAILROAD TRACK SO YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO! YOU'RE ALMOST CALM THAT NEXT EVENING...

YOU WALK UP TO THE POINT WHERE THE SPUR YOU'VE FIXED JOINS THE MAIN ROAD BED! YOU STOP BY THE SWITCH...PUT ON THE CASUAL ACT FOR THE SWITCHMAN'S BENEFIT...

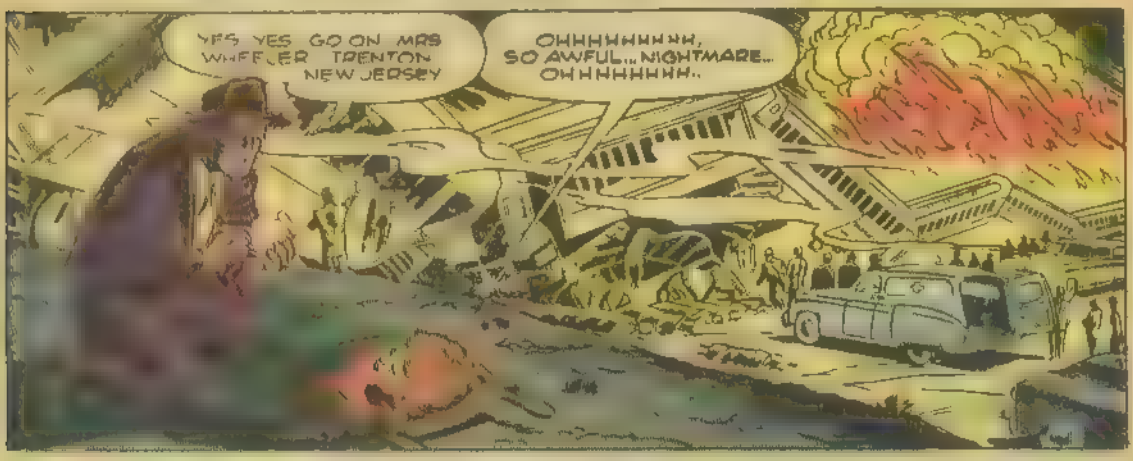

DOWN HERE TO SEE THE WESTERN FLYER COME IN AGAIN MR KARP? YOU SURE DO GET A KICK OUT OF TRAINS, DON'T YOU!
YES...I I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE AN ENGINEER! HMM... 8:07...THINK THE FLYER'LL BE ON TIME?

NO TIME TO LOSE! QUICKLY, YOU TAKE THE SWITCHMAN'S KEY...UNLOCK THE SWITCH HANDLE! NO TIME TO LOSE! YOU THROW THE SWITCH...

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE STREAMLINER ROARS IN LIKE A FEROCIOUS MONSTER! YOU WATCH, BREATHLESSLY, AS IT LURCHES OFF TO THE SIDE AT FULL SPEED!

YOU DON'T HAVE TOO LONG TO WAIT NOW...

ONE LOOK AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR STORY.. *YOUR BIG STORY!* TWISTED AND TORN THE CRACKED SILVER LIKE A CRUMPLED CHILD'S TOY! CROWDS COLLECT AMBULANCES, DOCTORS AND YOU WORK FEVERISHLY ON YOUR NOTES SOAKING IN THE LOCAL COLOR TRYING TO PUT THE SMELLS, AND THE SOUNDS OF THIS CARLOAD OF DEATH AND DISASTER INTO WORDS

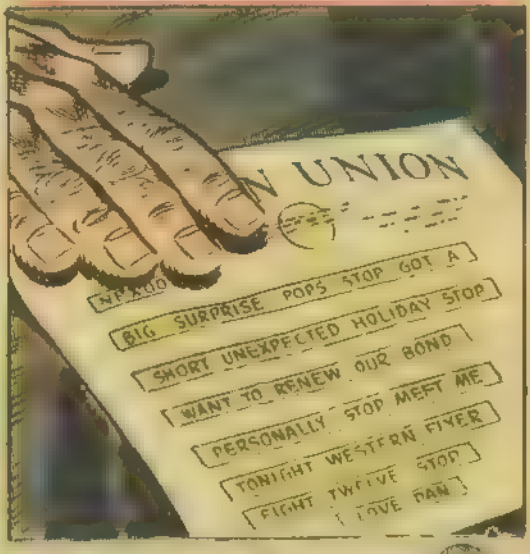


THE WOMAN GASPS A DEATH RATTLE SOUNDS BUT YOU HAVE YOUR FIRST HAND INTERVIEW! A VULTURE..LIVING ON THE DEATH YOU'VE PROVIDED!

YOU'VE GOT YOUR STORY YOUR BIG STORY NOW TO CHASE BACK TO THE RAILROAD STATION PHONE YOUR STUFF IN...

LEMME USE YOUR PHONE, SETH GOTTA CALL MY PAPER!
YES YES, WELL TERRIBLE.. SIMPLY TERRIBLE! BUT SOMETHING WORSE..TRIED TO GET YOU ALL AFTERNOON.. HERE!

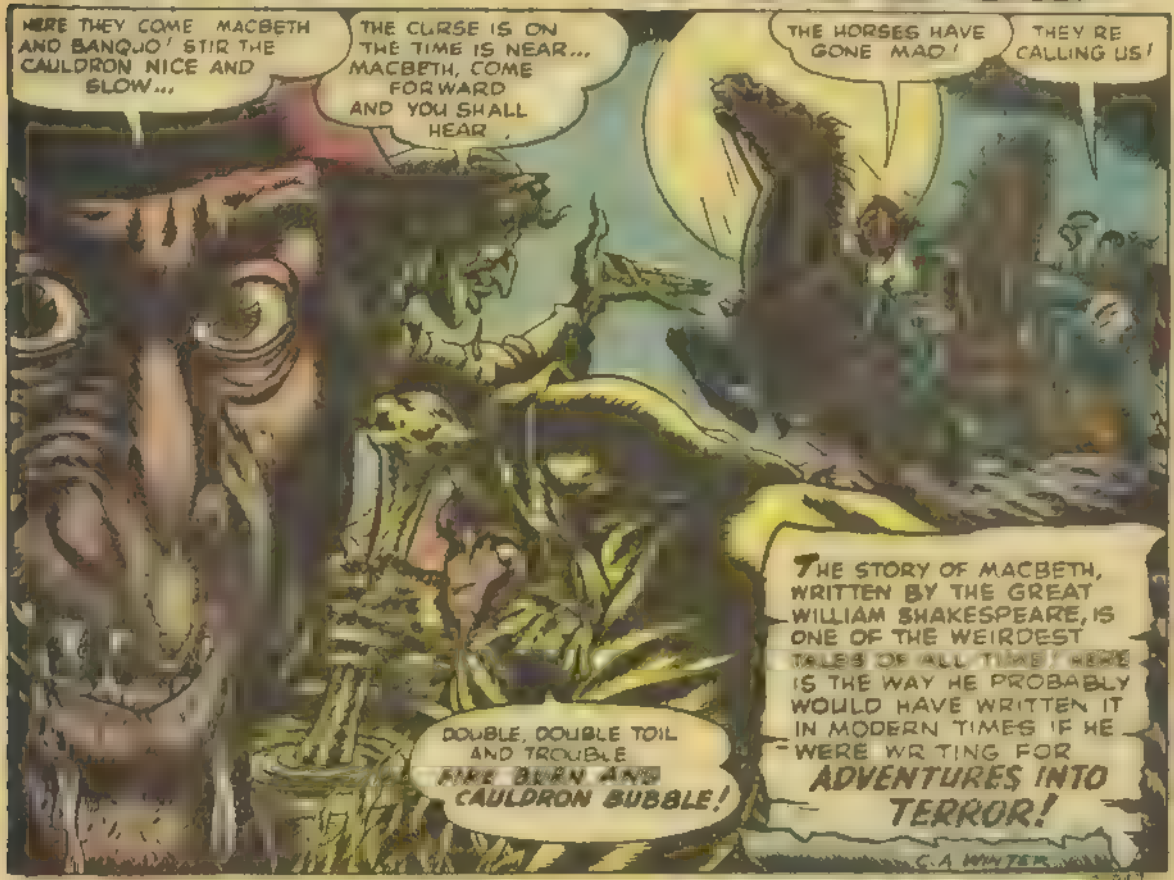
YOU TAKE THE TELEGRAM.. YOU READ IT YOU READ IT... YOU READ IT

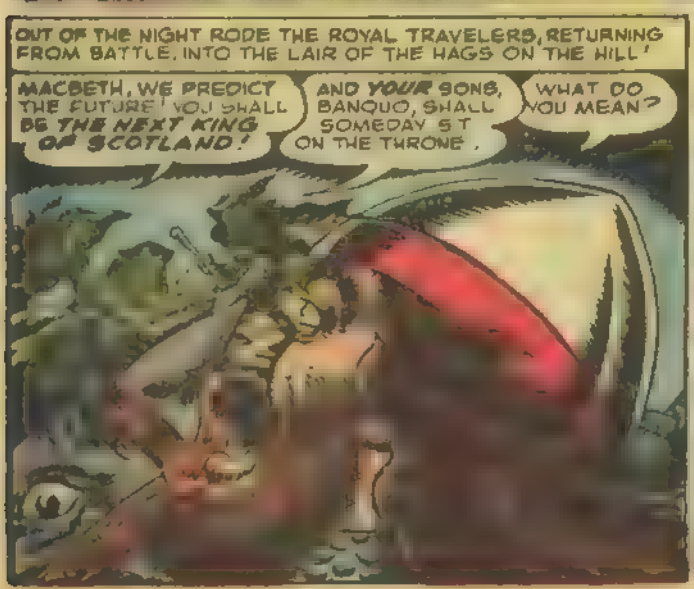


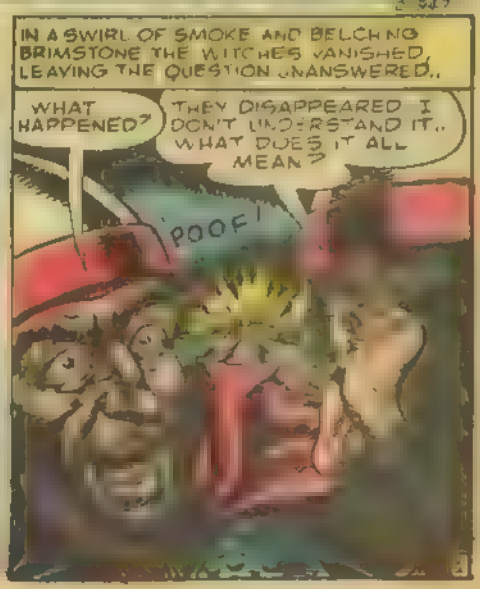
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WEIRD STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER ATLAS

WHAT'S A MYSTERY BOOK WITHOUT A BUNCH OF WITCHES HURTLING AROUND IN THEIR BROOMS! SO WE BORROWED SOME [illegible] FROM WILLY SHAKESPEARE...SO START MAKING WITH THE GOOSE FLESH, AND HERE GO!

FIRE AND BURN CAULDRON BUBBLE!

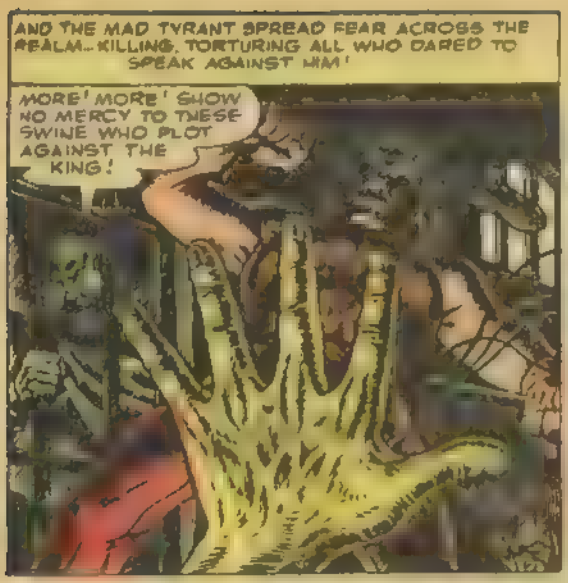

HERE THEY COME MACBETH AND BANQUO! STIR THE CAULDRON NICE AND SLOW...
THE CURSE IS ON THE TIME IS NEAR... MACBETH, COME FORWARD AND YOU SHALL HEAR
THE HORSES HAVE GONE MAD!
THEY RE CALLING US!
DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE!
THE STORY OF MACBETH, WRITTEN BY THE GREAT WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, IS ONE OF THE WEIRDEST TALES OF ALL TIME! HERE IS THE WAY HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE WRITTEN IT IN MODERN TIMES IF HE WERE WRITING FOR ADVENTURES INTO TERROR!
C.A. WINTER

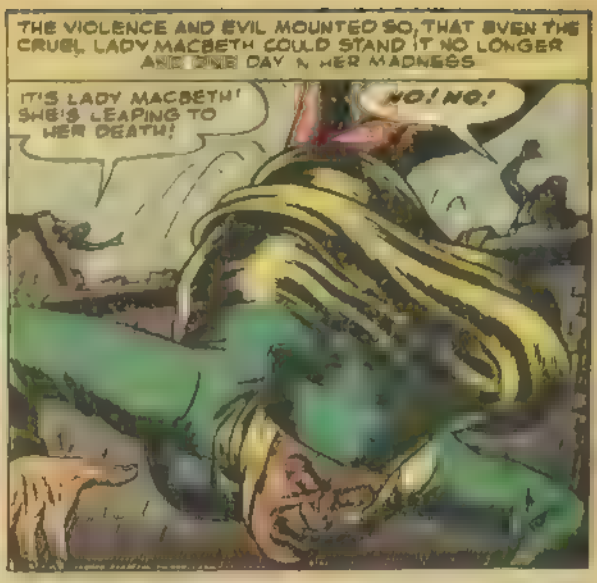

OUT OF THE NIGHT RODE THE ROYAL TRAVELERS, RETURNING FROM BATTLE, INTO THE LAIR OF THE HAGS ON THE HILL!
MACBETH, WE PREDICT THE FUTURE! YOU SHALL BE THE NEXT KING OF SCOTLAND!
AND YOUR SONS, BANQUO, SHALL SOMEDAY SIT ON THE THRONE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

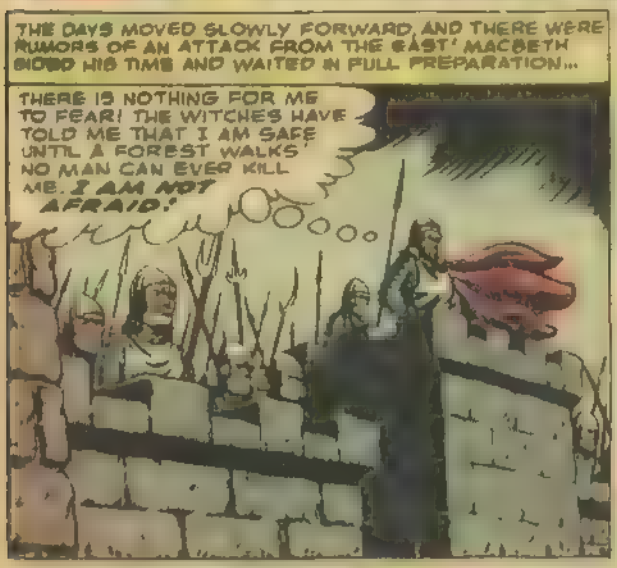

IN A SWIRL OF SMOKE AND BELCHING BRIMSTONE THE WITCHES VANISHED, LEAVING THE QUESTION UNANSWERED..
WHAT HAPPENED?
THEY DISAPPEARED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
POOF!

LATE THAT NIGHT MACBETH TOLD HIS WIFE WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND THE THOUGHT OF BECOMING QUEEN OF ALL SCOTLAND TOOK ROOT IN HER MIND
THERE'S ONE WAY YOU CAN DO IT MACBETH. THE KING IS HERE NOW VISITING US. IF HE WERE TO BE KILLED IN HIS SLEEP THEY'D THINK HIS OWN GUARDS DID IT! YOU WOULD BE KING!
NO! NO! I CAN'T DO IT! I CAN'T KILL HIM HERE UNDER MY OWN ROOF!
HE'S IN THERE MACBETH MOVE SLEEPILY AND WHEN YOU COME OUT OF THAT ROOM YOU WILL BE THE KING OF ALL SCOTLAND! DON'T BE A COWARD KILL HIM!
KING OF ALL SCOTLAND...
MOMENTS LATER, MACBETH IN THE DARK ROOM HEARD ONLY THE PEACEFUL BREATHING OF HIS ROYAL GUEST HE LIFTED THE KNIFE AND
THERE DUNCAN NOW I WILL BE KING OF SCOTLAND AND YOU WILL BE A CORPSE.
THE MURDER WAS DONE, AND BLAMED ON THE GUARDS WHO WERE SOON EXECUTED MACBETH AND HIS WIFE WERE CROWNED RULERS OF SCOTLAND
I PLACE THIS CROWN UPON THE HEAD OF MACBETH! LONG LIVE THE KING OF SCOTLAND!
I DON'T LIKE THAT LOOK ON BANQUO'S FACE! HE REMEMBERS THAT THE WITCHES SAID HIS SONS WOULD RULE SOMEDAY
THE THOUGHT WORRIED MACBETH'S MIND FOR MANY DAYS UNTIL HE THOUGHT OF A SAFE WAY TO KILL BANQUO WITHOUT IMPLICATING HIMSELF
ARGH!
MAKE SURE HE DIES AND WE'LL GET PLENTY OF GOLD!
AT THE ROYAL BANQUET THAT EVENING, EVERYONE NOTICED THAT BANQUO WAS ABSENT! HIS CHAIR WAS EMPTY FOR THE FIRST TIME.
WHERE IS BANQUO TONIGHT?
I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO MISS A ROYAL FEAST!
BANQUO HAS LEFT OUR COUNTRY FOREVER HE WILL NEVER RETURN!
A COOL GUST OF WIND BLEW IN THROUGH THE HALL, BUT MACBETH WAS THE ONLY ONE TO NOTICE IT... AND MACBETH WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW THE GHOST OF.
BANQUO!!! IT CAN'T BE!
YES MACBETH AND BECOME TO TELL YOU THAT NOTHING WILL SAVE YOU SOON YOU WILL DIE!
2

FEAR OF BANQUO'S WORDS DROVE MACBETH BACK TO THE BLACK HILL TO SEEK THE WITCHES' ANSWER TO THE GHOST'S TERRIBLE PROPHECY!
WELCOME, GRAND MURDERER!
YES, MACBETH, COME CLOSER! SINCE YOUR BEAUTIFUL MURDER OF BANQUO WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
HE STOOD BEFORE THEM, AFRAID TO ASK THE QUESTIONS THAT BURNED IN HIS MIND.
YOU HAVE COME TO LEARN MORE OF YOUR FATE, HAVEN'T YOU?
YOU WISH TO KNOW WHAT BANQUO MEANT?
YES! HE SAID THAT SOON I WILL DIE! IS IT TRUE?
YOU WILL BE SAFE UNTIL THE FOREST OF BIRNHAM MOVES AGAINST YOUR CASTLE!
NO MAN WILL EVER BE ABLE TO KILL YOU!!
BUT BEWARE OF MACDUFF! HEE, HEE! BEWARE OF MACDUFF!
FROM THAT NIGHT FORWARD, MACBETH WAS LIKE A MADMAN, SWEEPING ACROSS THE DANK MOORS OF SCOTLAND, MERCILESSLY MURDERING HIS ENEMIES! UNAFRAID OF ANY MAN, HE SOUGHT MACDUFF!
MACDUFF'S FAMILY LIVES IN THAT CASTLE! BUT HE HAS GONE TO ENGLAND TO LEAD AN ARMY AGAINST YOU!
THEN I'LL DESTROY HIS FAMILY, SO THAT NO ONE NAMED MACDUFF SHALL LIVE!
KILL THEM ALL! I WILL TAKE CARE OF MACDUFF!

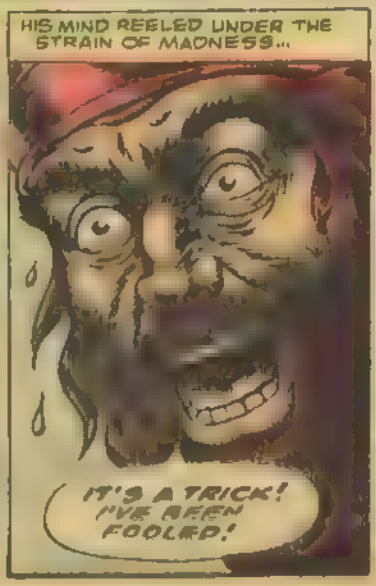

AND THE MAD TYRANT SPREAD FEAR ACROSS THE REALM... KILLING, TORTURING ALL WHO DARED TO SPEAK AGAINST HIM!
MORE! MORE! SHOW NO MERCY TO THESE SWINE WHO PLOT AGAINST THE KING!


THE VIOLENCE AND EVIL MOUNTED SO, THAT EVEN THE CRUEL LADY MACBETH COULD STAND IT NO LONGER AND ONE DAY IN HER MADNESS
IT'S LADY MACBETH! SHE'S LEAPING TO HER DEATH!
NO! NO!


THE DAYS MOVED SLOWLY FORWARD AND THERE WERE RUMORS OF AN ATTACK FROM THE EAST! MACBETH BIDED HIS TIME AND WAITED IN FULL PREPARATION...
THERE IS NOTHING FOR ME TO FEAR! THE WITCHES HAVE TOLD ME THAT I AM SAFE UNTIL A FOREST WALKS! NO MAN CAN EVER KILL ME. I AM NOT AFRAID!

MY LORD... LOOK! I AM GOING MAD... OR MY EYES DECEIVE ME!
WHAT IS IT, YOU FOOL? WHAT'S WRONG?

THE SHOCK BURNED INTO THE ROOTS OF HIS EVERY THROBBING NERVE!
NO! NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!


HIS MIND REELED UNDER THE STRAIN OF MADNESS...
IT'S A TRICK! I'VE BEEN FOOLED!

THE WITCHES' PROPHECY HAD COME TRUE!
BIRNHAM FOREST HAS MOVED ITSELF TO MY CASTLE.
4

BUT THE TRICK HAD TAKEN ITS EFFECT, AND MACBETH'S MEN FLED IN TERROR! THE ENEMY SWARMED UP THE SIDES OF HIS CASTLE!
COME ON ALL OF YOU! I'M NOT AFRAID...NONE OF YOU CAN KILL ME!
THEN PREPARE TO DIE FOR YOUR LIFE, YOU DOG! MY NAME IS MACDUFF!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU, MACDUFF! I HAVE THE PROMISE OF THE WITCHES
LAY ON, MACDUFF, AND I'LL KILL YOU AS I MURDERED YOUR FAMILY!
I CAN'T BE KILLED BY ANY MORTAL MAN!
BUT THE STUPEFYING ANSWER THAT ECHOED WITH A HOLLOW LAUGH FROM HIS ENEMY'S HELMET FROZE MACBETH IN HIS TRACKS!
BUT, YOU FOOL, I AM NOT MORTAL! THE WITCH WHO TOLD YOU THAT...
WAS MY MOTHER!!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WEIRD STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER

CONTINUED

came to a big boulder. He moved it aside and pointed to a tunnel. "Follow me and don't talk."

Jeff and the professor forced the boulder back into place. Because of the phosphoresence of the earth, they could see their way through the tunnel. For hours they walked until they reached a metal door. Jeff knocked twice and said, "Men can live in Peace." The door opened and two guards, each dressed in chain armor, walked at their sides until they came out of the tunnel. Frank Hendrickson gasped as he saw before him a large medieval castle surrounded by fertile fields. They walked up to the moat which surrounded the castle. The drawbridge was lowered and the two men crossed, followed by the two guards.

They were escorted into a big hall. At the end there was a table at which a white-haired man with a long beard was seated. He arose and spoke slowly, "I, Prince Armand, ruler of this territory, greet you, my friend, Jeff Collins. And as for your companion, I know he must be a good man if you bring him here." Jeff introduced the two and explained the mission which had caused the professor to take the long perilous trip.

That night there was feasting in the great hall. Like a page of forgotten history brought to light, the professor saw another century still alive. Prince Armand took care of the explanations. "We are the descendants of Prince Bohemud and his followers. The tunnel through which you came once was the bed of an underground river. We found this peaceful valley, cut off from the rest of the world. But we do know about the outside world. Each year we send out a messenger to report to us. We have sworn to return to it when men can live side by side like brothers. Since that has not been done we prefer to live here in the manner of our forefathers. It is impossible to climb up the mountains that guard us from your civilization. Our only contact is through that

tunnel and someday it will crash and then we shall be completely isolated. But no loss, as you can see, for we are happy here."

For the next week, Jeff and the Professor, with the Prince as their guide, went through the small domain. They spoke to a peasant tilling the soil who told them, "I suffer neither from want nor from fear. This ground gives us the food we need and the clothing we wear. What more can we desire?"

They met a fisherman who showed them his rude nets. "We never take more fish than we need. We have learned how to stock our streams so they can support the fish which in turn support us. Simple?" And both men agreed they could find nothing to contradict that statement.

Count Leroy explained their nobility. "We have made this important change. In our forefather's days, nobility was based on birth. Either you were born a noble or a peasant. Today we are all born equal. One becomes a noble by being noble, doing good deeds, helping his fellowmen, and aways being honest to himself and to his family."

Children had to go to school and Jeff and the Professor had a chance to watch boys and girls study. Everyone learned to read and write old English, old French, Latin, and modern English. The boys learned to hunt, fish, and cultivate the soil. The girls learned to cook, sew, and take care of the house. At the end of each term there was a switch. The girls did the boys' work and the boys did the girls' work.

"When you go back to the outside world, I would prefer that you say nothing about us," suggested the Prince to the two men as they were about to leave.

Suddenly there was loud rumble. "The tunnel has collapsed," announced the Prince. "That means, whether you wish it or not, you spend the rest of your days with us."

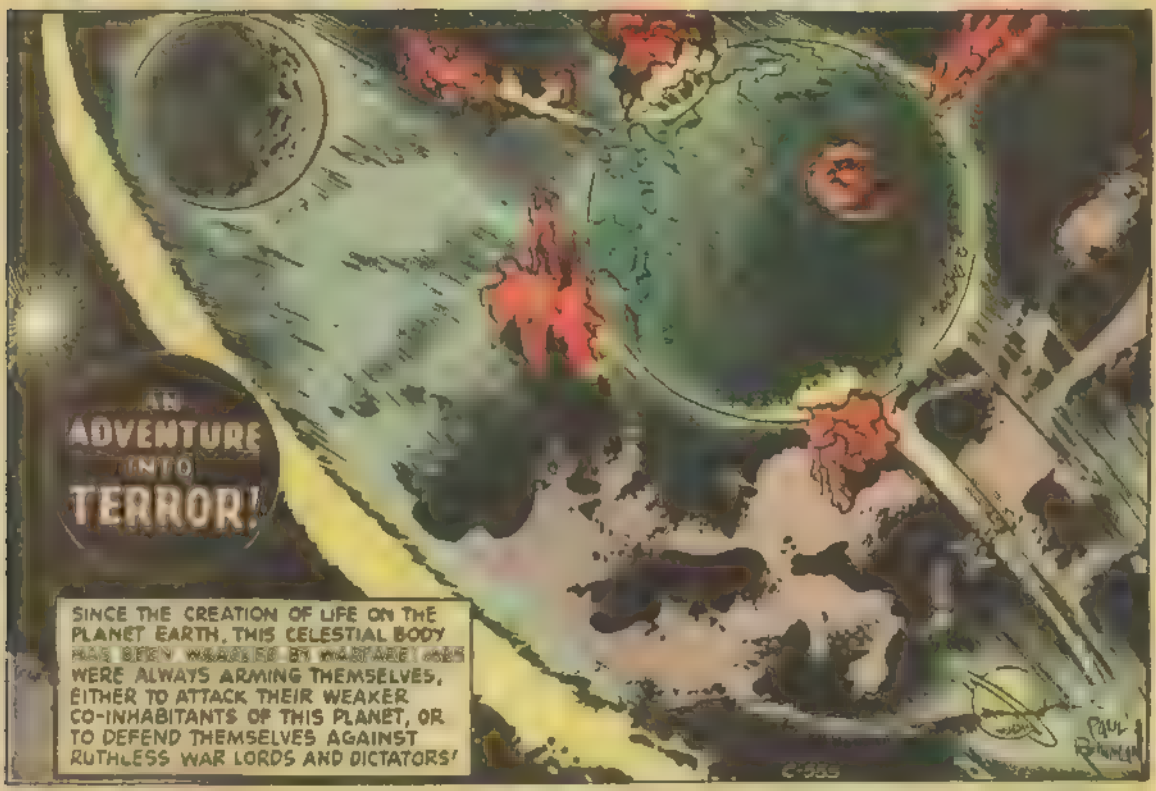
Jeff Collins watched the face of the Professor go white. And then Frank Hendrickson found himself. "I don't think it will be hard for me to adjust myself to this new world. What do you say, Jeff?"

A friendly smile was the only answer.

THE END 8731

GIVES HIS...

PEP TALK!


AN ADVENTURE INTO TERROR!
SINCE THE CREATION OF LIFE ON THE PLANET EARTH, THIS CELESTIAL BODY HAS BEEN WRACKED BY WARFARE! MEN WERE ALWAYS ARMING THEMSELVES, EITHER TO ATTACK THEIR WEAKER CO-INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET, OR TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST RUTHLESS WAR LORDS AND DICTATORS!
PAUL REINMAN

AND ONCE AGAIN, MEN WERE PREPARING FOR BATTLE!
MEN, I'VE CALLED YOU [illegible] BEFORE GOING INTO BATTLE, I DEEM IT IMPORTANT THAT YOU KNOW SOMETHING OF THE [illegible] AND WARFARE!

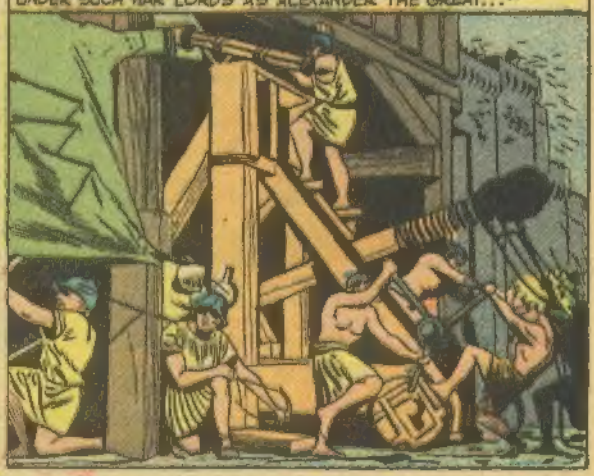
"WITH THESE SAME CLUBS, THEY FOUGHT THEIR ENEMIES WHO THREATENED THEIR HOMES, THEIR FAMILIES, AND THEIR FOOD SUPPLIES.."

"BESIDES CLUBS, THE EARLY FIGHTERS USED ROCKS AND ROLLED BOULDERS FROM CLIFFS! THEY USED WHATEVER NATURAL WEAPON THEY FOUND AT HAND..."

"LATER ON, MAN LEARNED TO ALLOY METALS, AND FASHIONED TOOLS AND WEAPONS OF BRONZE, SUCH AS KNIVES AND AXES..."

"AS MEN BECAME MORE LEARNED, THEY FASHIONED MORE DEADLY WEAPONS OF WAR! BOWS AND ARROWS, SPEARS, THE SWORD..."

"THEN CAME THE GREEKS, PERSIANS, AND MACEDONIANS, WHO SOUGHT TO EXTEND THEIR EMPIRES INTO OTHER LANDS, UNDER SUCH WAR LORDS AS ALEXANDER THE GREAT..."



"THE CONQUEST OF GAUL WAS UNDERTAKEN BY THE ROMAN LEGIONS UNDER JULIUS CAESAR..."

"IN THE 12TH AND 13TH CENTURIES, THE KNOWN WORLD WAS RAVAGED BY GENGHIS KHAN AND HIS ASIATIC HORDES..."

"WHEN THE CRUSADERS UNDERTOOK THEIR MILITARY EXPEDITIONS AGAINST THE MOSLEMS, THEY WORE BATTLE ARMOR, AND THEIR SWORDS, AXES, AND SPEARS HAD DEVELOPED INTO THE MOST DEADLY WEAPONS YET DEVISED BY THE MIND OF MAN..."

"THEN THE FIRST ARTILLERY WAS INVENTED...CANNON TO PROTECT FORTIFIED TOWNS! ATTACKING SOLDIERS OFTEN FOUND THEMSELVES BATHED IN SCALDING HOT PITCH..."

BOOM

"THEN THE FIRST GUN, THE FLINTLOCK, CAME INTO USE! IN CLOSE FIGHTING, MEN DIED BY THE THOUSANDS FROM THESE LETHAL WEAPONS..."

"MEANWHILE, GREAT BATTLES WERE FOUGHT AT SEA! THE SO-CALLED INVINCIBLE ARMADA OF SPAIN WAS DESTROYED BY STORMS AND BY THE ENGLISH FLEET IN 1588..."

"IN THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TRIED TO BRING ALL EUROPE UNDER HIS HEEL..."

AVANT! A LA VICTOIRE!

"THE HISTORY OF MANKIND HAS BEEN ONE LONG, UNENDING CHRONICLE OF OPPRESSIVE WARS! BUT THERE WERE REVOLUTIONARY WARS TOO, WHEN MEN FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY..."

"AND SO, FROM THE FIRST WEAPONS USED BY MAN... ROCKS, CLUBS, CRUDE AXES AND KNIVES RIGHT UP TO THE DEVASTATING CANNON AND RIFLES... THE SOLDIER LEARNED HOW TO KILL HIS ENEMY EASIER AND MORE EFFICIENTLY..."

"BUT IT WAS IN THE 20TH CENTURY THAT DESTRUCTIVE INSTRUMENTS OF WAR REALLY REACHED THEIR PEAK, STARTING WITH WORLD WAR I...THE MACHINE GUN.. GRENADES...AIRPLANES...THE USE OF GAS..."

"TERROR STRUCK FROM BENEATH THE WAVES, SUBMARINES BLASTED SUPPLY AND TROOPSHIPS FROM THE SEA..."

"NOW WE'RE COMING CLOSER TO OUR OWN TIME! WORLD WAR II! TANKS...FIGHTER PLANES...BOMBERS CARRYING LETHAL LOADS TO DROP OVER ENEMY CITIES..."

"THE ATOM BOMB! HIROSHIMA...NAGASAKI! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE KILLED OR MAIMED BY THE BLAST OF JUST *TWO* BOMBS! WAGING WAR HAD BECOME A GLOBAL AFFAIR, AND CIVILIANS PERISHED, ALONG WITH UNIFORMED SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD..."

"AND THEN CAME WORLD WAR II! *HYDROGEN BOMBS! GUIDED MISSILES!* 79% OF THE EARTH'S POPULATION DESTROYED! ONLY THOSE PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN THE MOUNTAIN AREAS OF THE WORLD SAVED THEMSELVES BY HIDING OUT IN DEEP CAVES..."

THE LAST WAR DESTROYED CITIES...FACTORIES...HOMES ...ALL OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY AS WE KNEW IT UP TO THAT TIME! AND STILL WE CANNOT LIVE IN PEACE, FOR EVEN NOW AN ENEMY FORCE APPROACHES TO THREATEN OUR HOMES... OUR FAMILIES...OUR FOOD SUPPLIES...

WE'RE READY TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

AND SO CIVILIZATION ON THE PLANET EARTH HAD REACHED ITS FULL CYCLE! WAS THIS TO BE A NEW *BEGINNING*...OR THE END...??

DON'T MISS THE NEXT, GREAT ISSUE OF *ADVENTURES INTO TERROR!* YOU'LL MEET "THE MEN IN THE MORGUE"... YOU'LL SEE WHY THEY "CRY WEREWOLF"! PLUS MANY OTHER TERRIFIC TALES!

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—Red Ryder

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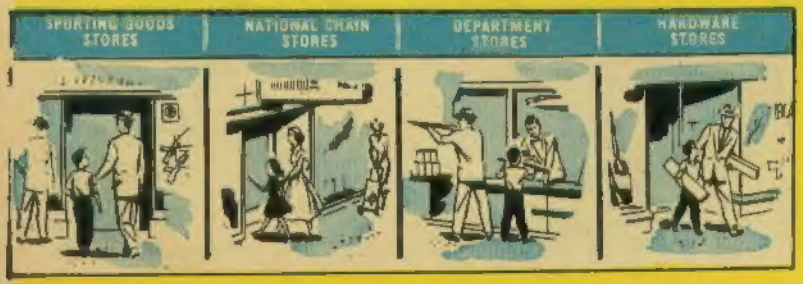

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